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LIMITED SOUVENIR EDITION

Chimes of Swarthmore

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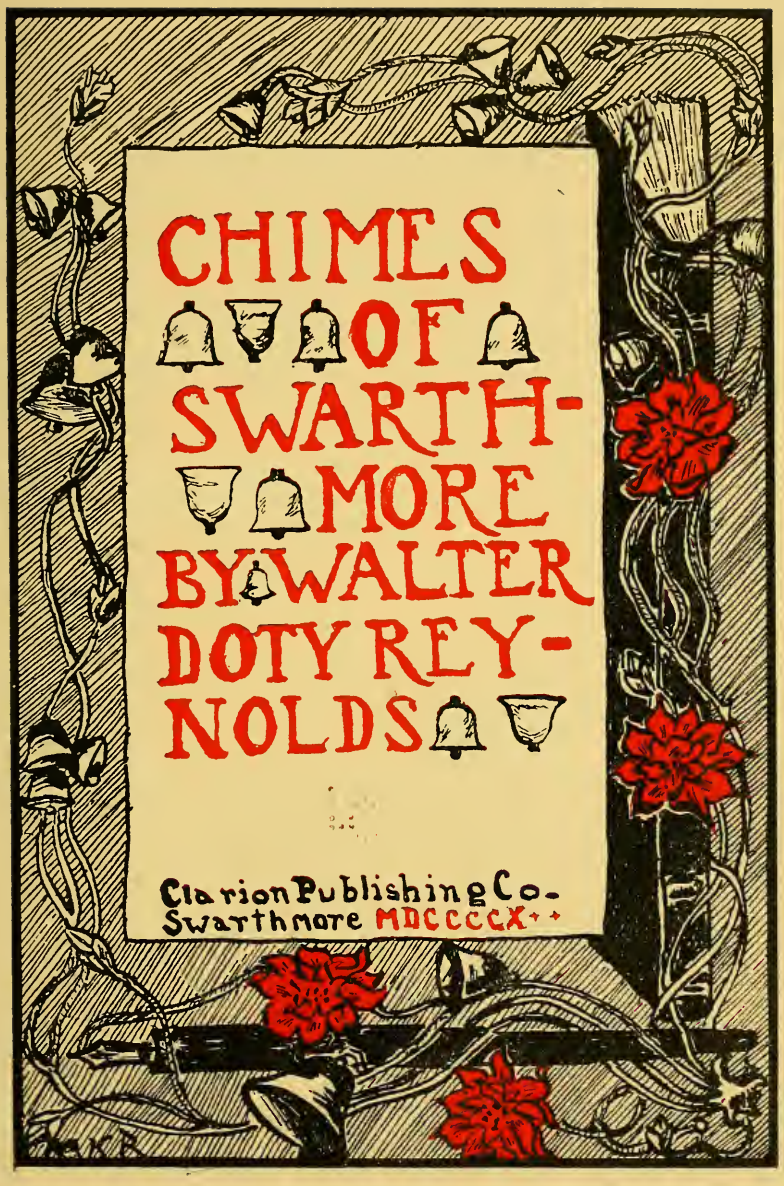
By WALTER D. REYNOLDS

The Swarthmore Girl.

CLARION PUBLISHING COMPANY
SWARTHMORE, PA.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE


CHIMES
OF
SWARTH-
MORE
BY WALTER
DOTY REY-
NOLDS
Clarion Publishing Co.
Swarthmore MDCCCCX

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In issuing this Limited Souvenir Edition of "Chimes of Swarthmore", the publishers are much gratified to be able to present to the citizens of Swarthmore and the many friends of the town and its institutions a choice selection of verse (some of it published for the first time) from the pen of our esteemed former editor, with whose newspaper work so many are familiar. Mr. Reynolds has the happy gift of touching home and heart themes in a manner that makes their preservation desirable, and we have endeavored to give them a typographical and engraver's setting that shall make the little book a fit and inexpensive memento of the town and its schools; one that shall be both an inspiration and a remembrance.

Swarthmore, Pa.,
September 28, 1910.

President Clarion Publishing Co.

The Swarthmore Girl

Oh, Swarthmore girl, sweet Swarthmore girl,
Of every land you are the pearl;
Your dark-lashed eyes are full of dreams,
Your head a crown of glory seems,
Noble of brow and thought serene
To challenge is but to be seen,—
Sweet Swarthmore girl!

If cultured intellect can tell
Where all your meditations dwell,
If gentleness supreme and good
Can make your virtues understood,
If purity can star-like shine,
These, all, reveal your inner shrine,
Sweet Swarthmore girl!

The dimpled chalice of your face
Is brimmed with dawn of woman's grace;
Your white pure neck aspires to rear
Your countenance to heaven clear;
Your pensive lips of ruby, rhyme
Like crimson bars at sunset-time,
Sweet Swarthmore girl!

Oh, Swarthmore girl, fair Swarthmore girl
You put the young swains' hearts awhirl;
Be careful lest your sweet life be
A siren's maddening minstrelsy;
From the high privilege of your throne,
Make all the powers of Right your own,
Sweet Swarthmore girl!

March, 1910.

BIRTH OF LOVE.

Abroad, the stillness like a visible thought
Seemed but the person of some mystic presence,
Took shape and stood immaculately clear,
The embodiment of the beautiful in dreams.
The scent of roses slumbering 'neath the trees
Which stooped to kiss them in their modest ambush,
Leaped on the breeze which only stirred, and moved
Like incense in the worship of some God
Upward and onward, as of magic wafted
Into the soft bosom of the night!

There was a sweetness which unwont, encompassed
As unseen arms, the aspect of the night.
And there were born, imaginative and lovely,
As tho' they sped the suburbs of some happy sphere,
Child-faces and sweet forms and pale glances!
Responsive smiles and conscious thought
Whose answers were as visible print,—
The pure and perfect language of the sky!

Was it by chance I strayed upon this hill
Which, slumbrous with the heavy dews of night,
Lay in that calmness only born of June?
Youth, and youth's thoughts, and dreams akin to youth
Sported about me like congenial elves;
They builded for me heights and depths and raised
Their imagery till it seemed real as the stars
Which pierced its tracery: June as a garden
Gleamed within gemmed walls; her pillared gates,
Weighed with the odor of her waxen flowers,
Like scented pearls festooned o'er maiden's breast,
Reared their fair stature to the moon!

Upon some velvet moss beside the wall,
O'er-hung with hawthorn and begirt with flowers,
Cupid I saw all roseate in repose,
Graceful and sweet and smiling as he slept.
An arm above his brow, one on his bow,
Whose end lay nestled in his puckering mouth,
While on his lids a pensive shadow played
The vanguard of new mischief in his wits.

And as he waked not and the twigs above
Bent low with dew-drops till his mirrored form

Shimmered within, I reached and touched the spray
Which showering down, seemed entering in his dreams;
Couched on his breast they were as pearls to him,
And he put forth a hand to gather, while his lips
Formed and part formed words blithe at his fortune.

Oh, what to do to waken Cupid now
And verily let him think he woke unwaked,
Troubled me much, until some amorous sense
Called to my mind the remnant of a song
That we have heard sung sweetly in the night,
Which, naught but moonbeams and romance abroad,
Entered our being with a kindly gait,
Striking life's centres with a noble chord.
Thus to my mind and lips the music woke
And reckless of result, the notes arose,—
Intense, subdued, reflective melody.

So true it is that nature will assert
Above encumbrance even of physical weight,
Her deepest passion and her dormant power,
That Cupid, at first notes attuned to love,
Started erect with eyes still held by sleep,
Tightened his bow and swung his quiver clear!

Now, like the necromancer at his art,
I stood surprised and baffled at my act.
Speechless I stood for want of words to speak,
Poised on a foot, unbalanced as in wit!
At length in desperate strait, devoid of sense:
"What think ye?" I asked, and he with midget wisdom,
"Methinks the night's o'er lovely to be barren."
"Barren?—Ye mean"—
"I mean that Beauty waits on beauty,
Where beauty is, there other beauties be,
Where beauties go, where else should beauty follow?
They go in clusters."
"Boy, find me a beauty
Fairer than this June, full of such smiles
Such graces, gemmed as rich as she."

"I will,—list now!" Then from the wood,
From 'neath the columns of the moon-tipped grove
The softest of sweet melodies arose.
'Twas like the songs the Arabs hear in dreams
Of their ideal heaven. Then came a face,

A tear-dimmed, beauteous face, white to pallor,
Burned with ruby lips; oval, even to high-arched
Rounded brow. Dark eyes—none darker,
Out-swelling with tears like limpid pearls.

"Your way, my boy, your way, my own's o'erthrown;
She seems the veritable reflex of this night."

"A reflex? Ay, and more, joy's incomplete
Without a previous sorrow; chords more grand
When sprung from discord. Her song leaps from depths.
So beauty's highest when 'tis clad in tears."
Musing, I watched him as he raised an arrow—
Mayhap it might miscarry o'er the mark.
Perchance some subtle wind to turn its current
Would foil the childish aim. But no.
No shaft so sure as that by Cupid cast.

It sped. And then, as tho' her heart was touched,
The night took on a lovelier aspect yet.
Soft quivering breezes, shot with minute stars,
Laden with perfume, on the senses fell,
While all the distance mellowing in a haze,
Dropped in mirage, and some far scene beyond
Hung in still beauteous state before us.

It sped! And then the roguish lad sped, too,
His shining shoulders and his merry eyes
Bent on rare sport. "Gone for the arrow," I said.
But as I watched, saw his plump form lie low
Across her path. She, deep in new strange thought
Came on, but saw him not, and stumbling fell!
So sudden is the first known dawn of love!
Yet, when she looked for what she stumbled o'er,
She found it not, nor knew it to be love,
But sighed, and smiled, and blushed as ne'er before.

And Cupid, winged rogue, was crouching nigh,
Casting coy glances at me, till I thought:
"The boy hath meaning in each glance he gives!"
So looking heartward with suspicion great,
I found suspicion must fore'er depart;
For there, so true, so soft, yet sharp withall,
Imbedded deeply, there I found the dart.

What mirth moves Cupid that he rollicks so?
Hath he a frenzy that he moves away
In somersaults and wreaths his cheeks in smiles?
Or doth the lovely night so charm him
With all its splendor that his reason reels?
Mayhap the last, for he himself doth reel
Most mischievously leering at the moon!

June, 1885.

THE BLACKSMITH OF COBALT.

Have you heard the curious story
Of the nettled Cobalt blacksmith?
How he hurled his hammer fiercely
At the red fox in the copse?
How he had to hunt his hammer
And had missed the fox, but struck rock,
Digging up a trail of silver
Where it hit its angry gash?

How he labeled his old hammer
And his forge made an exhibit;
How the blacksmith rode in palace cars
And smoked a yard of leaf?
But he still could make the sparks fly,
For he blew another bellows,
And his forge was not of charcoal,
Nor his carpet iron-scrap.

Well, well, we all are blacksmiths
At no matter what our calling;
We may stand among our iron-scrap
And forge with all our might;
And if a red thought enters
To disturb our days of labor,
We can swat it and be happy
To see the swat alight.

Then the precedent of Cobalt
And its blacksmith's fair experience
Make us positive, triumphant,
In conclusions on results;
We shall go and get our hammer,
We shall turn a streak of silver
If we miss what we have hit at
And not miss what we have hit.

February, 1909.

JUST THE SWEETEST.

That baby girl down at my knee
Looks up and smiles and crows at me,
Brimful of fun and joy is she
With twinkles in her eyes;
Just two foot six in stocking feet,
Pink apron tied around so neat,
With thirty pounds of flesh so sweet
You'd want to eat like pies!
Just the sweetest!

Her lash-hung eyes, wide open blue,
Look up with depths you can't construe,
But she can look you thro' and thro',
That little baby girl;
Oh, how she makes me blow and puff
With piggie-back and blind-man's buff,
Before she thinks she's had enough,
Ferocious little pearl
Just the sweetest!

Her romps make her grow strong and sound,
Of course her pa liked that, but found
It made him feel like lying around—
Wanted to read, you know;
But then she thinks she'll ride his foot,
Inspect his teeth and find their root,
Pull at his hair and hunt for loot,
And twist his nose, oh, ho!
Just the sweetest!

But she's a jewel though, is she,
For when her mamma comes to see
If she can end her circus spree
And tuck her into bed;
I'd rather see what then I see,
Than be a potentate in fee,
Great dukes and barons round my knee
And big crown on my head—
Just the sweetest!

She kneels down softly on the floor,
With mamma gently bending o'er,
And tho' her tongue cannot implore,
Her little head's a prayer;

Oh, what great thought the angels may
Perceive in that sweet, silent way,
Go up to God and move his sway
To keep us in his care,—
Just the sweetest!

Oh, baby girl down at our knee,
Your smile, your love, your life, your glee,
Your quaint, queer ways and pranks set free
Our spirits bound by care;
You make us wish to rise and learn
The purer, better path; to yearn
For simple living, faith less stern,
And hearts like your heart there!
Just the sweetest!

December 10, 1894.

DEACON SIMMS.

He was a man whom all could well revere,
Yet, o'er his grave were none to drop a tear;
A man respected, reverenced, for whom yet
More awe was felt, than love or fond regret.

He many people knew, him all did know—
Alas, alas, 'twas near as they could go.

An ardent love for arduous enterprise
Ne'er could invoke a blessing from his eyes;
Not that he lazy was, but love of ease
Induced a habit to become disease.

His household place, who knew not? Was just there
Dozing like sphinx within an easy chair;
Or if he moved, he softly sought the hall,
Leaned on the stair-rail, listened, that was all.
He'd say he heard a movement in the loft;
When told "not so," yet listened he full oft;
And every day, full many times intent,
He gently stood and harkened there, half-bent.

Quaintly with proverbs saddled he his tongue
That tid-bit wisdom might not be unsung.
"A simple soul," quoth he, "and simple mind,
Is simpleness not very hard to find;
But simple living is no simple thing;

Such simpleness is prone to get a-wing."
That said, he'd drop him to a gentle doze,
Which further query failed to discompose.

An innate peace expanded to his eyes
Like twilight over sunset in the skies.
To muse and count the brick-tiles at the door
As tho' he ne'er had counted them before,
Moving his cane in mystic runes around,
Mumbling or talking—starting at the sound,
Trilling child-songs in age's dubious voice,
Choosing bright leaves, but to revoke the choice,
Alternate smiling and in pensive mood,
Weeping o'er smiles long calmed in solitude;
These were the habit of his mind's employ—
The sacred childhood of a second boy.

A wrecked finance still bore him thro' the year,
A shilling more or less, would start a tear.
'Twas said 'twas like himself, so little blessed,
So thin, he scarce could travel one-abreast.

How oft his slim, familiar form has paced
That rustic path, whose borders, sparsely graced
By ragged remnants of the summer's leaves
In the chill twilight of the autumn eves,
Led him along reflecting till the night
Stepped out in shadows, and he awakened turned
Toward the West, whose fires lowly burned
Casting his form enlarged within the light
Upon the dark East. Thus would he stand
Smiling and musing, 'neath his shading hand
Gazing as if he viewed beyond the view
Beholding spirits olden, proven and true;
Communed, and dwelt on recollections dear
Of things and persons of an earlier year.

Good man! Like any object out of place
We miss the placid presence of his face.
There's something out of joint—we something lack,
Arrange the chairs, go scan the yard and track.
But no, alas! 'Tis Deacon Simms we ask;
Him to replace would prove a futile task.
'Neath marble calmly resting from his rest,
Where time disturbs not, lies his peaceful crest;
Above is sculptured quaint as ancient hymns:
"Here lies, impassive still, good Deacon Simms."

January, 1885.

EVENING.

Fire-flies dance with a ruby gleam
Where the woodland shades repose in dream,
The carved exquisite pungent gloom
Seems but the modest evening's tomb!
No pennons of the stagnant air
Low droop to shield her—fainting there;
No motion of its pulseless wings
Responds to her sweet murmurings.
To evening's desolate murmurings.

Alone unmatched in beauteous grace
Fair evening pleads—On her pallid face
No smile but the smile of raptured love,
For the day-beam fluttering faint above.
Scarce known, the amorous word she sent
Like tear-drops to the sad sun lent,
As arms borne bare in twilight red
She clasps her lover and bows her head
In stygian sleep o'er her beloved dead.

February, 1885.

THE BURIAL OF SUMMER.

Something in the cool of evening,
  In the rustle of sun-tipped leaf,
Speaks to the heart, of beauty
  That is near akin to grief;
To the woe of her who bends over
  The dead form of boyhood brief;

Smoothing the damp from his forehead,
  Closing his listless eyes,
Kissing his lips, impulsive
  With turbulent memories;
Softly caressing his fair form,
  Crooning love's lullabies.

Sad in the twilight landscape
  Where summer has revelled and gone,
Far calls of Springtime linger
  With the lilac fragrance of dawn;
With dew-laden gardens of roses
  And ponds with their lilies on.

Something of freshness and gladness,
  Yet hushed, and with life remote,
Startles the tears in our eyelids
  And meaningless sobs in the throat;
A barbarous sense of bereavement
  That throbs like the night-bird's note.

The morrow shall bring the Autumn;
  Who thrills for her din and glare?
Who welcomes the marshalled glories
  Of gaudy magnificence there?
The boy of our heart's affection
  Lies dead in the chilly air.

She will take his blood for her sumach,
  Her heather will bronze with his pain;
Her foliage flaunt his heart-throbs,
  Her apparel flame from his brain;
All the verve and joy of his morning
  She will bury in her train.

Oh, tender and sweet was his boyhood,
  Too manly for such a doom;
How fair was his adolescence,
  How fleet his voluptuous bloom!
To be mocked with a bier of scarlet,
  And interred in a golden tomb!

1910.

DERELICT.

In the annals of the sea
Was there ever any tale,
Blowing up from southern star,
Or from out a northern gale,
Half so strange with face so weird,
Half so wan with fate so feared,
As of ghost with conscience seared,
In that legend of the sea—
  Marie Celeste?

In the year of eighty-seven
Sailed she forth from Gotham, bound
For a European port,
Crew and cargo safe and sound;

Crew of thirteen!—counting in
Captain's wife and child—for sin,—
Sin of Fate and portent's grin!
Manned with thirteen,—out to sea—
Marie Celeste!

Sighted by a British bark
When a fortnight knotted by,
Wobbling on before the wind,
An unfathomed mystery!
Not a soul in stir or stress
Not a signal of distress
Not a living "no" nor "yes,"
Manless, pilotless, at sea—
Marie Celeste!

In the search and overhaul
Not a sailor found aboard;
Wheel and compass, binnacle,
Sails all set, and cargo stored;
At the davits boats are fast,
At the forecastle and mast
Skippers' laundry flapping fast,
Dry, and flapping to the sea—
Marie Celeste!

All the cabin orderly,
Log reporting balmy days,
Sailors' kits all undisturbed,
Not a struggle, not a blaze,
Not a pirate's finger-mark,
Not a stain or murder-mark,
Not a soul up from the dark;
Drifting silent on the sea—
Marie Celeste!

Omen's mystery and shroud
Sport upon the waves below;
Ocean voices shrieking loud
Wail and fail from caves below;
In the valleys of the deep,
Where the heedless ages sleep,
And the shades of ancients creep,
Soulless on a shoreless sea—
Marie Celeste!

July, 1910.

THE CLOVERLY MOTHER.

Only a vine-clad doorway,
Out in the valley-land,
Where nestles and sleeps the old farm,
Where the clover blossoms stand;
But a yearn-face leans toward the meadow,
With eyes on the faraway;
An old-time mother with yeast-crock,
Stirring forever and aye.

The crock in the crook of her elbow,
The spoon in the good firm hand,
The batter awhirl in the basin,
In rhythm with all in the land;
Mixing the batter for griddles,
Stirring the mix for bread;
Making old-time tea-biscuit,
For hearts and for years that are dead.

Over the fields come bird-songs,
Out in the loam sinks the plow,
The call of the crow and the chicken
Mingle with moo of the cow;
The fragrance swells from the lilac,
The katydids drone till morn,
The corn-tassels bronze the hillside,
The snow blows over the corn;

But the mother, whatever the season,
Still stirs her crock at the door,
Stirring forever and ever,
For mouths that are never more;
Still peers the face to the meadow,
Still listens for sounds that are still;
While the sunshine of yesterday revels
And swoons on the farm by the hill.

She stood there after her bridal,
With orange-blooms laid aside;
She stood there after the cradles,
And after her boy had died;
She stood till storms were quiet,
Till the house was vacant of song,
Till her daughters had loved and mated
And the world had gone along.

Only one left at her hearth-stone,
The man of her girlhood day.
Who came in his strong young manhood
And carried her heart away;
He sits in his chair by the night-fire,
Or rests on the steps at noon;
But she stands in the same old doorway
And stirs her meal-time tune.

Still stands the farmland paternal,
Still stands the mother of old,
Stirring the bake for tea-time,
Stirring the moments of gold;
Sometime a resurrection
Of days that are gone will come,
A rebirth of old affection,
Resurgent of all her home.

May, 1910.

THE BROKEN LILY.

The lily blooms with a death-pale face
Under the night queen's pallid throne;
'Tis love's first unrequited trace
Blanched over brow when lips disown.

'Neath her soft lash a glance she gave,
Unfolding to the rude night-time,
The heart-strings whose vibrations crave
A loving touch and a tender rhyme.

The lily blooms as the night declines,
Lovely and lone 'mongst the deadly dew;
More lovely as she more repines
Over the flower that proved untrue.

Dank and dark in her lowly bed
Sweeter and purer in swift decay;
Seeking the hand-clasp of the dead,
A nobler beauty o'er-spans her day.

The lily stands with her cruel woe,
Memory breathing of earlier bloom;
Viewing the beauty of others blow,
Silently carrying hers to the tomb!

July 9, 1884.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

Oh, the golden, olden moments that we spent within your walls,
They are full of precious memories that grateful heart recalls;
They are full of living splendors that outlast the lust of years,
They are full of luscious heart-throbs that are near the fount of tears;
They are filled with glorious promise, they are half suffused with smiles,
That are worth a million triumphs of our sunny afterwhiles!

There the tutor sparred his classes; there involved, perplexing rules,
Fagged our weary brains to languors till the tutor dubbed us mules;
Then we woke with freshened vigor and we wrestled long and well,
Till we heard the princely plaudit: "Henceforth, thou art 'Israel,'"
Israel, with all his blessings, Israel with all his power,
And we gained our higher purpose in the triumph of that hour.

There the daisy and the buttercup worked coyly at their desks,
And the sunflower and the jack-rose built their mental obelisks;
There the toil and sigh were mingled and the sigh outran the toil,
And the blushes and the hushes grew a mystery for spoil;
For the lowly love that flourishes in class-room and in flowers
Exhales its gentle fragrance till the douse of sudden showers.

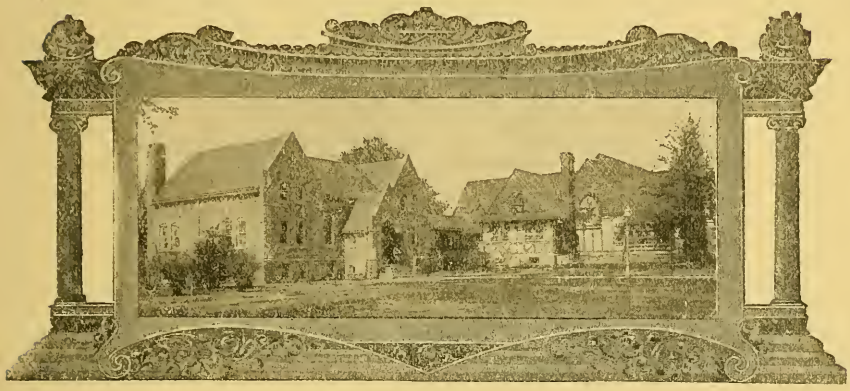
Oh, jewel-hilted moments with their olden, golden joys!
How faint the heart becomes recalling those jolly girls and boys!
That dear old snub-nosed Tommy and the freckles on Marie,
That wondrous pompadour that graced the head of wee Lucie;
And the pen that pointed to the stars all right-side, up-side down
On the ear of smudge-mouthed Charlie, the terror of the town.

Now Charlie's in the pulpit and Tommy's in the law,
Lucie is baking biscuit and Marie has learned to draw,—
Not pictures, but upon the stage she draws her fellow-men,
With arguments on woman's rights, and suffragettes, and then
She points to all the pious boys who filled these walls with good,
And clinches thus her dagger-thrusts with pleas for womanhood.

Clear waters in a shady brook, all pebbly thro' its deeps,
A slippery spring-board on the bank where filtered sunshine sleeps;
And bared to sun and breeze of June a shining-shouldered throng
Of lithe-limbed boys with laughing shout and wild vacation song,
Plunge into bliss that vies with joys of paradisial souls
Of strong-framed manhood bathing in immortal swimming-holes.

Oh, silver-crested, diamond-studded, golden, olden hours!
Such ruby-tipped and honey-dripped, and dew-besprinkled flowers!
The scarlet of your youthful days is bathed in pardon now,
For the hand of time has brushed aside the errors of the brow;
And the diadem of rectitude that slept within your breast
Is gleaming with the beauty of the purified and blest.

September, 1910.



WATERS OF MARAH.

Exodus XV., 23.

(After a Sermon by the Rev. W. M. Woodfin, Pastor Swarthmore Presbyterian Church, and Moderator of Chester Presbytery.)

Legend of waters of Marah
  And the tree that grew thereby,
Telling in olden story
  Of pilgrims passing by;
Pilgrims athirst and weary,
  Upbraiding their destiny.

Vision of waters of Marah
  In the wilderness of to-day;
It is the olden story
  Of pilgrimage astray;
Of pilgrims athirst and foot-sore,
  All heart-sick by the way.

Bitter waters of Marah
For souls athirst and faint;
Railing upon their leaders,
Voluble in complaint;
Voicing the heart of unfaith—
The burden of sinning saint.

Ideals fallen and perished,
Wells of the soul gone dry;
Spiritless eyes, and shackles
For souls exposed to die;
Dreamless and sheenless, the brilliant
Exuberant child of the sky.

Blasphemy, shame and error,
Cynical, frivolous cant,
Christless endeavor and folly
For pilgrims itinerant,
O'erwhelmed, engulfed and sodden
In wageless race and rant.

Only the white hand needed,
The absolute trust of a child,
Who wanders around God's footsteps
With the right of the undefiled;
Who asks all the limitless blessings
With the limitless frank of a child.

Oh, bitter waters of Marah,
How futile your tree there stands!
No passionless grasp of the faithless
Will sweeten your waves and strands;
How sadly your leaves bud ever,
Appealing to palsied hands!

Vision of waters of Marah!
Complaining Israel,
Was not so dead in her trespass
As saints of this Christless spell;
For her leader conferred the balm-tree
And the waters were sweet in the well.

July, 1910.

BOY WITH SUNSHINE FACE.

Brown-haired boy with sunshine face,
Morning is in your eyes;
Radiant brow and cheeks and lips,
Quivering with surprise
At all you see that stirs your soul,
So lately come from far-off shoal,
Whose Ages paused and left you there,
A past-less self from some other-where,
Except when your dreams unroll.

And then—your dreams with your future blend;
The noon is in your eyes;
Exultant brow, flushed cheek and lips,
Storming your golden skies,
And all your heart is in your life,
And all your soul throbs for the strife
Where myriad others surged and sank
Down to the pitiless ebb-weeds, dank,
That umber the amethyst life.

Brown-haired boy with sunshine face,
Love-light is in your eyes;
Love that is more than earth and sea,
Burden of innocent prize;
Wonderful bloom of ethereal flowers
Garnishing gardens of earthly hours;
Cherish and hallow and keep them sweet
Nor let them fall beneath your feet
Crushed flowers of Paradise.

Little man so white of soul,
Never you lose your way;
Have good faith in your mother's God,
All of your toilsome day;
Then the broad road ahead, fair boy,
Will blossom over with bountiful joy
For the little man of sunshine face,
Of winsome smile and cherub grace,
Who came from so far away.

August, 1909.

Chimes c

Swarthmore bells, pregnant bells,
Melody of hopes and knells,
Ruthless bucket in our wells;

Mossy curb, windlass grey,
Drawing from our other day
Autumn's pall, hopes of May;

Ringing in, clanging out
Memories in a jibe and rout,
Memories from our deeps and drought;

Long forgotten dreams of youth,
Slumbrous themes, deathless truth,
Sombre hours, things uncouth;

Recollections of a pain,
Golden days, harvest wane,
Verve in ashes of the slain;

Friendships drowned in seas of time,
Enmities in callous slime;
Darkened visions, once sublime;

Tender thought, forms of love,
Gifts and tokens from above,
Meshed and sunk in treasure-trove;

Swarthmore

Lutes unswept, desolate toys,
Dust-begrimed and sodden joys,
Passions spent, whirls of noise;

Bucket brimmed with waters bright,
Creaking up out of our night,
Splashing over into light;

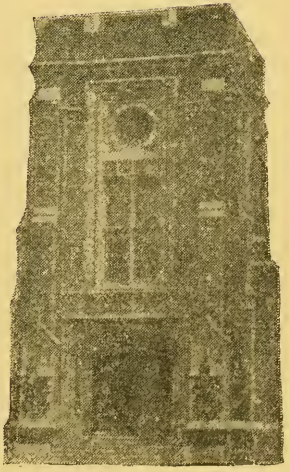
Swarthmore bells, resonant bells,
What a tale your clangor tells,
Marking time and sounding wells;

Pregnant melody of time,
Resonant insolence of rhyme,
Regnant reveille sublime!

Solemn strokes of days to be,
Thrilling notes of industry,
Noble toil and liberty;

Tones of manhood's wage and war,
Peals of power—the Conqueror,
Shouts of Soul, Imperator!

Swarthmore bells, regnant bells,
Storied clangor in you swells,
Calling souls in Swarthmore dells.
August 28, 1910.



THE CHILD OF ALL.

High noon in blood
Is strange as torrid noons,
For man's the child of all the firmament;
The molten ages
Have poured down in him,
To his disarmament.

He knows the joy,
The glory of the good,
The sons of God pass ever in review;
Yet dual persons
Wail and thrill in him,
And foil and thwart his view.

A noble purpose
And the far-on-heaven
Are wedded to the grovelling to-day;
And all his visions
He would barter ever
For red and yellow clay.

Thus all his morn,
And thus his day till even';
Unless along his pathway some fair hour
The light of grace,
The form beneficent
Advance with peace and power.

Then good men crowned
With white and peaceful heads,
Shall meet him in his daily toil and walk;
And he shall see
Unspoken peace defined,—
The vanquisher of talk.

He shall behold
The fount of quietude
Brimming the very turbulent cup of life;
His soul enlarged
Will labor with desire:
"Give me this quiet life!"

June, 1904.

THE BOOK AND KEY.

At the tippity-tippity top of the hill,
There's a house with not a sundry window-sill;
There is not a pane in view,
(They're all reserved for you),
When you go to get salt on your tail.

For you know it is customary ever
If you go to catch a bird, you will never
Get a chance to stroke its wings,
And find just how it sings,
If you do not put salt on its tail.

Now, dearly beloved Seniors, bear in mind
You'll be getting there and have to go it blind,
When you think you're winged for life
With diploma and a knife,
They'll put salt, just some salt, on your tail.

For the Prof's have it all set up for you,
You will think that your college days are all through,
But they'll lead you out behind,
To the Book and Key to find
A little salt, just some salt, for your tail.

So, when the crisis comes don't look back,
Lot's wife, she turned to salt in her track;
When they get you in that door
They will fix you evermore,
With some salt, just some salt, on your tail.

It's a quite effective way to hold you down,
When you think you own the world and half the town;
They call it "Book and Key,"
(But that's just for you and me),
They'll put salt, just some salt, on your tail.

And they'll tie a book and key to your tail,
So you'll never know what it is to fail;
The Book will make you wise,
And the Key unlock your eyes,
With some salt, just some salt, on your tail.

September, 1910.

REVISITED.

'Tis said an evil spirit haunts
  The body of the dead,
And rises up within the brain
  To brood or to retread
The domain of the vanquished soul
  And view its traveled way;
To scan the record of its life
  And gloat upon decay.

I dreamed I stood beneath the arch
  Of a forsaken hall;
No banquet-board was there outspread
  No sunlight there did fall;
But deep, low-settled, ponderous gloom
  In ambush there had crept
And stood like pinnacles of thought
  Or like a lute, unswept.

I stepped upon the waxen floor,
  The move was not more heard
Than rustle of mid-summer's breeze
  Or note of dying bird;
A subtle echo passed along
  Toward its farthest bound,
And faint returning, slow expired
  In vacancy of sound.

Upon the masonry of the arch
  The ivy-moss had grown,
Like some quaint lichen-fringed vault
  Sequestered and alone;
Before me through the shaded way
  I saw with boding thrill,
The figures of a strange device:
  A cup, and one to fill!

Upstarting at my near approach
  He grimly smiled and stood
Outstretching one lank, ghastly arm,
  A fingered solitude;
And where he indexed on the wall
  I gazed, and at near view,
The impress of a mystery
  My rapt attention drew.

Small pictures interwove, as tho'
  A life was in their spell,
Seemed swaying, changing, quivering
  Like waters in a well;
I saw the picture of a sin,
  The image of a woe,
The imprint of a bitterness,
  Fair joy and passion's glow.

O'er all the walls were markings
  From the thoroughfare of life;
Some few were grouped in harmony,
  Some others burned with strife;
And as I stood in wonder thus
  Before the strange design,
A breath against my forehead came
  That stopped and startled mine.

I turned. In one hand poised aloft
  The spectre held a glass;
Within its compass, lurid, gleamed
  A liquid's ruddy mass;
And slowly pouring in the cup
  With fiendish grin the whole,
He said: "'Tis blood! And here—here was
  The palace of a soul!"

March 31, 1884.

"IN DEEDS, NOT YEARS."

Thoughtful boy, so straight and true,
  Stars of the summer morn
Found their way to your eyelids sweet
  On the day that you were born;
They're shining there in their soft blue light
  While your summer day is born.

Sturdy visaged, fair-haired lad,
  Years are waiting for you,
There are ways to learn and stairs to climb
  And work till the day is through;
Heroic tasks for the little hands,
  Wide paths for the little shoe.

How we would clasp your tiny hand,
  Guiding your pitiful feet!
Shielding from storms that sweep your land,
  Temper your desert heat;
But we go so short and you go so far
  And the happy years are fleet.

Keep good hold on the right, my boy,
  Learn to be patient and strong,
Remembering ever the olden tale
  That will cheer your life along;
How the Lord was calling for Samuel,
  And his times to the Lord belong.

Thus be the whole of your noble day
  And thus till your night falls prone;
Till the sun is red in your sinking west
  And the cares of your day are flown;
Till the dreaming boy and the earnest man
  Linger in deeds alone.

August 21, 1910.

TO BE A BOY.

To be a boy for one brief hour and know
The bliss I knew full twenty years ago;

Within my heart this eastern sash I lift,
And feel the breeze of boyhood thro' the rift;

Feel glow within my cheek, the sunny blood,
Within sequestered heart the sunny flood;

Feel firm-knit supple limbs and all the rage
Of riotous thought, and recklessness, and wage

Of decorous minstrelsy by decorous fingers played,
Heaping ambition's calls against the blade!

To be a lad for one brief day and know
The forward look of twenty years ago;

To hear the hum of industry around,
And build fair castles in the cheerful sound;

Within my heart to listen for the tone
Of myriad tones that sounded then alone;

To hear the voice that spoke and all was still,
While zeniths smiled or stormed their varied will;

To fold the lithe and gentle form of one
Of soft blue eye, and love and gaze upon;

To be a boy for one brief year and then,
To be a boy forevermore—Amen!

June, 1904.

YOUTH'S REVEILLE.

Dream on. God flings souls out
To the far stars to test their pinions;
Made in His crucible, dross-burned,
Stained with tireless energy of sin,
Refined with splendid chemistry of Heaven;
Brawn-built, with virile force superlative
Of soul-combat; drawn to wide longitudes
Of mad desire; raised to far altitudes
Of aspiration; stripped for the Marathon
Of some dear goal beyond horizon's verge.

Dream on,—or will you dream?
Asleep on dynamic chariots of God!
Dream? When dreams have showered their latest vision
Of panoplied youth a-field? Dream,—
When fibres thrill with morning-time of God?
Awake! The reveille of Heaven
Echoes and re-echoes with imperious call!
Resolve, conceive, achieve, and conquer!
Filigree your dreams with action!
Go! Speed! Own! Your goal beyond the verge!

August, 1910.

LITTLE ARMS.

When throbbing hours of labor and the stress
Of immolate life and thronged loneliness
Crowd cruelly, and silent storms arise
To wreck your weak allegiance to the skies,
Have you not known some strong reflection, bright,
Of little arms around your neck at night?

If there unfaith unhallows all your toil,
If you have weakness in your life's bedrock,
If your youth's hopes have yielded to the foil
And all ideals are fallen in the shock—
Is there no evening peace with soft, warm light,
And little arms around your neck at night?

What though your hand be palsied, your heart crushed,
Your hope undone, which your horizon flushed?
Your morning gone, your noon by sorrow led,
And life's fair early friendships false or dead?
Have you ne'er felt the trust and stay and might
Of little arms around your neck at night?

Oh, never lightly underrate the gift
That Heaven sends with sunshine thro' the rift;
Oh, never challenge God's great tender love
That gives you gold for every loss you prove;
Be thankful you are owner of the right
To little arms around your neck at night.

1904.

BENJAMIN WEST.

(1738—1820)

Quaker boy in garb of gray
Dreaming by the quiet Crum,
Feeding on the lily's light,
Wooing rainbows till they come,
Shaping forms on moor and dune,
Harking to the lips of June,
Catching visions of your Lord
And apocalyptic sword,
Protege of Red Man's sun
Till your boyhood days are done.

Quaker man with thoughtful brow,
Carving out your dreams of youth,
Touching canvas into life,
Picturing historic truth;
In the world of giddy men,
Court or academic den,
Catching visions of your Lord
And apocalyptic sword,
From the grottos of the past,
From the crypt of history,
Limning on the walls of life
Your own immortality.

August, 1910.

WEST AND THE HOUSE WHERE HE WAS BORN.

THE AZURE OF YOUTH.

The sun burns thro' the wooded hill
  And tips the campus sward;
Red bars o'er gold and purple wold
  Like dreams, o'er campus sward;
The gray starred east and zenith blue,
  The robins' twilight song,
And down the path that leads to you
  My love, I hear the song!

A warbling song that thrills and goes
  Past intervening years,
That leaps the tombstones all between
  And rides o'er many tears;
That tells of days and deeds in graves,
  Of hopes that sit in white
Beneath the lofty architraves
  Of inner life and light.

O song that tells of other songs,
  O light that shines at even',
O hopes that sit in inner white,
  And stars that shine from heaven!
'Tis sweet you come at evening hour
  When Night crowds down the grass,
And dew and damp and dark and power
  Oppress till Night shall pass!

I sit beside you, love; the song
  Is yours of long ago;
The path that leads to you is out
  Where youth's fair flowers blow;
Your lips are mute and yet the song
  Wells from the heart of you;
Your life is mute and yet the strong
  Glad song is part of you.

The quiet flow of noonday brooks,
  The light that floods the noon,
Are in your heart and mine, dear love,
  And evening nears too soon;
For morning beams are quivering there,
  The lark still soars and sings,
And while we listen, everywhere
  Falls soft the sound of wings!

Wings of the morning—childhood's wings,
The thrill of life's new day,
Of breeze that sweeps across the seas
Of birth and far away.
A day like onyx cheers the sight,
A hope like pearl, the heart;
The azure of God's highest light
Of Youth, will not depart.

April 19, 1904.

THE LAD OF KINDLING EYE.

I sing the lay, the Marseillaise,
Of love, and love supreme,
The conqueror of life and death,
The roseate child of dream;
The master of life's sterner fate,
The zephyr in the gale;
The inner rhapsody of hate,
The calm of inner vale.

I sing the child that heaven, alone
Of all her passions gave,
To walk triumphant on earth's seas
And spurn the doom of grave;
The passion of the adoring throngs,
That press the steeps of white;
The passion of the naked pure
That stand with God in light.

The passion that to human heart
No bound, no shadow knows;
That tips the fingers of the dawn
And maid with ruddy snows;
That shapes the mother's chaliced face
When first she sees her own—
The image of her mother-soul
And his—her other own.

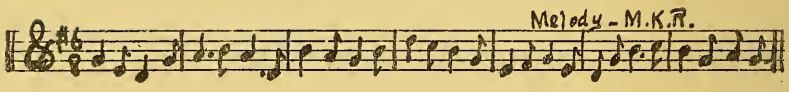
I sing the voice that calls to stars,
Perchance if anywhere
Its other self has wondered down
A solitary stair;
Or, missing accents of its like
Hath plighted truthless vows
And pressed sad lips and sadder breast
And dreamed on misfit brows.

I sing, of all that heaven gives,
  The solace that is best;
That croons and soothes at twilight times,
  And smooths the world's unrest;
That cuts with nerve and binds with balm,
  That draws the deadly barb—
A surgeon of the gentler sort
  Of nameless cap and garb.

There is no bliss too pure for him,
  No destiny too high;
No sceptred crown too good for him,
  This lad of kindling eye;
And where he comes at evening hours,
  And where his fingers press—
We know the splendor of his touch
  His royal power to bless.

May 26, 1904.

GOD OF BATTLES.



God of battles bending o'er us,
Grant Thy power may go before us,
Into conflict and to peace,
  Thee, we implore!

Thou hast taught and Thou has led us,
Thou hast warned and Thou hast fed us,
All we are, that Thou hast made us,
  Help Thou us still!

Blood as rivers drench our story,
Truth hath fallen, but risen in glory,
Earth hath seen Thy gift of freedom,
  Give Thou us more!

Home and country pledged forever,
Sires and sons, forsake them never,
Camp around our widening border,—
  God bless our land!

June 30, 1907.

LITTLE BOY DRUMMER.

My boy sat up on a dry-goods box
With a drum as big as a drum could be;
And the drummer was big—such a drummer was he
That he cared not at all for his pa at his knee.
But the drummer who drummed is the drummer for me
And he drummed and drummed and said "Nobody comed!
I want somebody to look at me!"

So he sat and spat and settled his cap,
And shaped his face with a brave grimace;
A soldier, he, from some bloody place.
Oh, how he hammered while none did see!
For nobody watched my drummer but me,
And he said, when he drummed, and nobody "comed,"
"I want somebody to look at me."

The neglect it sank in his wee fair head,
It worried him thro' all his busy noise;
But the drum kept on with its dubious joys,
For his thoughts were off with the other boys,
With the dizzy lads who would not see;
And he sadly drummed, while the big tears "comed,"
And cried, "Nobody will look at me!"

Oh, little boy-drummer, your audience
Is all made up of just one, you see;
You sigh for others who pass you by
And care not at all for adoring me.
Ah well, drum on; it is human to drum;
To cry: (and be glum when people don't come)
"I want somebody to look at me!"

1907.

THE MAN OF THE FURROW.

Oh, down by the furrow that's over the hill
  The husbandman halts his panting team;
At the turn in the corner, where white and still
  The noon looks down while the daisies dream,
  And the bob-o'-links call and the black hawks scream,
He listens and looks to his fill.

His knotty hands grasp the horny plow,
  His deepening eyes drink the faraway blue;
A squirrel sits on a chestnut bough
  And saucily mocks, as squirrels will do;
  While the farmer thinks of his day half through
And hears the soft crunch of his cow.

His splendid form is encased in jean,
  His bare, broad breast is of manly brown;
He's of rustic build, but of kingly mien,
  For he's wronged no peasant nor man of town
  And passion's chaos has not struck down
His soul with its heaven's sheen.

The odor of earth and the breath of the sky,
  The memory-laden mist of the vale,
The echoes of woodland and stream nearby
  And a far fair face in a door, to prevail
  With an old-time bell and its meal-time tale—
Till he hears and catches her eye;

All these and more that are simple and poor
  Are rioting him in head and heart;
While over the acres and past the moor
  The voice of the town with its fashion and mart
  Assails his ambition and leaves its smart—
Till he sees the face in the door.

Then the song of the bell and his hearth arise;
  It's the grain of sand and the grain of gold;
And that sand is gold is a great surprise
  And that gold is not sand is a tale that's told
  To unwilling ears till ears are old
And Cities of Gold arise.

Oh, down by the furrow that's over the hill,
Down in the meadow and down in the loam;
At the turn in the corner where kind and still
The sun shines down on his little home
That hedges him in that he may not roam
He hears a voice: "Peace be still."

March 3, 1904.

WORRIED LITTLE MOTHER.

Dainty lass with dolly cart
What a care is yours!
Burden of this mother sort
Other things obscures;
Have to keep her in the shade
When the sun is shining;
Have to wrap her close and warm
When the wind is whining;
Such a time to make her mind
When she won't be quiet;
Have the terriblest time
Fixing up her diet.

What a care to keep her clean
When she plays in dirt;
Have to use a bar of soap
On every blessed skirt;
Have to lay her on her back
And scrub between her toes;
And what an awful face she makes
When you wipe her nose!
Have to teach her not to lie,—
Stand her on her head—
Dear, oh dear, she's such a trial,
You wish that you were dead.

Dolly has the unmonied look
Like all dollies' eyes,
Sunny smile that hurts good folk
'Cept who make mud-pies;
How to fit her for this life
Of roly-poly dollars
Keeps you sitting up all night,
Humoring her hollers;

How to change that cherub look
Into one of worry,
Takes more wisdom than a book,
Keeps you in a flurry.

When she kneels down for her prayers,
Doesn't kneel down straight;
When you spank her, then she gets
Prayers mixed up with hate;
When you come to comb her hair
How she snarls and yells!
Almost makes you have to cry
When she takes these spells;
When you have to mend her clothes,
Puts you in a fear,
Dolly sure will bankrupt you
'Fore another year.

What a trouble dolly is,
Bringing her up right;
You're not certain you would care
If she took her flight;
Still, when she gets pale and blue,
How you hug her fast!
What would everybody do
If she breathed her last?
Mammas little, mammas big,
Very much I fear
You would have a lonely fit.
If dolly wasn't here.

1910.

MICHAEL AT THE CROSSING.

Ding! Ding!

Csh.....!

"Oh, helloh, Michael! Why did you shut me off! Let me over!"

"Ye're betther a-standin' there with yer team than busted to smithereens on th' thrack!"

"Oh, get out. You keep me standing here a half-hour!"

"Ye can sit. Hi! there, McKinnon, kape off the thrack with yer bike. Don't git undher the gate, me b'y! It's down. I'll tell ye whin. Kape there!"

There are doubtless worse temptations
Than the track on Chester Road,
There are doubtless worse concussions
Than when English words explode;
But for grounds of irritation,
That would agitate a nation,
And ferment the human juices,
It's the gong that Michael uses,
When it goes: ding! ding! csh....!

We may have our weird illusions,
And we do not mind intrusions;
We may dream our abstract visions
While we scorch among collisions;
We don't mind policemen's beckon,

But we hate to come to reckon
With the gong that Michael uses
When he freezes up our juices
With his: ding! ding! csh....!

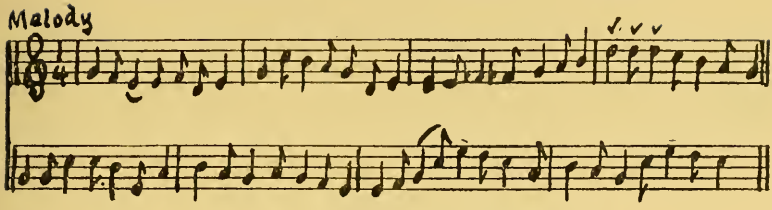
For our Michael at the Crossing
Is an emperor at bossing;
He can stop your scintillations
While a block away, at rations;
He can warn you to a flurry
With exaggerated hurry
And then stop you at the crossing
With his last grand act of bossing
By his: ding ding! csh....!

Oh, do not fight with Michael
Though you feel quite out of sorts,
Your auto may be snorting—
You can take it out in snorts;
He's a wicked combination
With his gate and gong creation,
You may think to scoop the track,
But he has you on your back
With his: ding! ding! csh....!

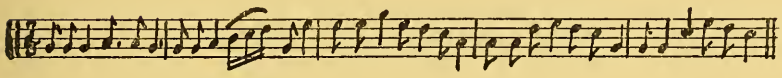
But for milk of human kindness
There's no potentate his equal;
He is popular with parents,
But that is just a sequel;
Tender-hearted, horny-handed,
He will see your tots safe-landed,
And the smile that Michael wears
Is a glint from Heaven's stairs,
Though he does: ding! ding! csh...!

1910.

THE SMILE ON MOTHER'S FACE.



Keep the smile on mother's face,
It is full of morning grace;
Through the nights of childhood's days
How it shone on all your ways:
Shone for you through every frown,
Beamed above when you were down;
Was your refuge in defeat
When you first knew bitter-sweet.



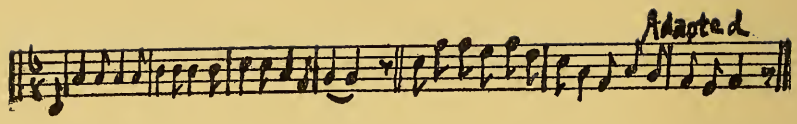
The girl's smile's the pearl smile,
The babe's smile sweet to trace;
But the pure smile worth your while
Is the true smile in rue—while,—
The smile on mother's face.

Oh, the smile on mother's face!
How it cheers you in the race!
Fragrant when its bloom is dead,
Lingers like the sun's last red;
Radiant when the world is dark,
Glows when it has lost its spark;
You may kill it—you alone—
For that smile is all your own.

Keep the smile on mother's face,
Save it ever from disgrace.
When you walk the ways of men,
It goes, too, beyond your ken;
In the office or the field
'Tis your bonny silent shield;
Just be true for mother's sake—
Heart and smile are quick to break.

October, 1907.

GARNET.



The Garnet is the noblest flag
That streams the College blue;
It circumnavigates the rag
Of every other crew.

Garnet!
We're glad that you are you!
And we are glad that we are we,
And we'll all be true to you.

The Garnet is the fairest flag;
Sets off the Friendly gray;
It shakes the shine from any rag
On any kind of day.
Garnet, etc.

We'll float our garnet flag where'er
Another dares to fly:
'Twill put a blooming blister
On the other fellow's eye.
Garnet, etc.

Our Garnet's not a sickly pink,
Nor crimson like a crime;
Nor yellow like a pig-tailed chink,
But garnet all the time.
Garnet, etc.

Our red is not the red of shame,
Nor black, nor blue, nor brown;
But when we hoist it at a game
It means we own the town.
Garnet, etc.

Our red's the red of good, rich blood—
Red blood that swells our veins,
And if you do not think it's good,
Come out and get some pains.
Garnet, etc.

Our Garnet is the jolliest flag
That flies the welkin dome;
With it we'll capture every rag
And then we'll bring 'em home.
Garnet, etc.

July, 1910.

AUTUMN.

How golden is the light that autumn lays
With lavish fingers on the faded heath!
Into our musings steal the mellow rays
Like tender thought of carven tomb and wreath;
Late flowers vieing with the virile sprays
Of spring's fled splendor heaped and sere,
Of youth's pure dream and transient tear,
Of dead emotions dying in their birth,
So sweet, so fair, for mingling with earth!

How gaudy are the leaves that court the light!
Bewildered age loud calling for a toy!
Rich hues of wisdom burnt with Folly's plight
Who wooes the willing man as well as boy.
No more in vernal blandishment the ray
Falls through clear air in wildest, maddest joy;
From shoals of indolence the hazy day
Drops into night, till chilled the morn awakes
Through purple distances and dewy brakes.

September 1, 1883.

TIME.

So glide our days in Concord's Hall,
Where hours are calm and life is still,
That peace awakes to give us all,
The breath of bliss her dreams distil,—
Her quiet dreams.

It matters not to transient man
If storms descend or billows break;
The surf-tormented shore we scan
But find no remnant of its wreck—
Its silent wreck!

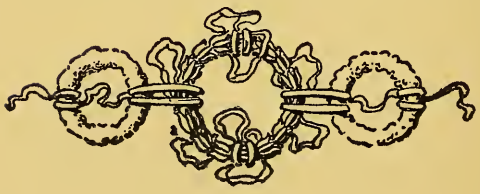
It carries all into its realm,
  Nor leaves a token to our eye;
A dusky hand directs the helm,
  We may not know its destiny,
                Grim destiny!

In solitude or blatant fray
  What do we more than pass our time?
We weave indeed a web to-day—
  The morrow wafts it out of time—
                Far out of time.

Oh, some will laugh and some will smile
  And some bemoan a bitter blast;
And some whom idle hours beguile
  Would fetter time's swift pinions fast,
                Would bind him fast.

So drift we on. Oh, magic tide,
  Your burden is a charmed throng,
Rapt, heeding in their slumberous ride,
  The wild allurement of your song,—
                Your syren song!

June 17, 1883.



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